

Edgefield Advertiser.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., AUGUST 10, 1871.

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BY D. R. DUNSTON.

COTTON STATES Life Insurance Company.

Principal Office, Macon, Ga.

THE business of this STRICTLY SOUTHERN and HOME COMPANY is confined, by law to legitimate Life Insurance alone. Policies issued on all the approved Mutual plans. It also issues Policies at Stock rates, 25 per cent. under the mutual rate. But it does not advise its patrons to insure on the Stock plan, that plan being very expensive in the long run.

As it is known that dividends in a good Mutual Company will average about 60 per cent. annually, especially at the South and West, where investments bring good returns.

90 per cent. of profits on the Mutual business divided annually amongst all the Mutual-Policy Holders without exception.

One-third Loan on Premiums given when desired. Interest charged only upon first loan.

Where all Cash is paid, Policies will become self-sustaining; that is, pay out, and have 50 per cent. added to their faces, which is one-third more than the original sum insured.

Ample provision against forfeiture of Policies in the expressed terms of the contract.

The Company will always purchase its Policies at their Cash value.

We offer the people of the State the same financial security as Northern Companies, the accumulating premiums of the insured, and in addition thereto a Capital commencing with \$500,000!

Millions of dollars have annually hitherto been lost to the active circulation of the South, in payment of premiums in Northern Companies.

Inasmuch as the investments made by these Companies in Northern real estate and securities, our people can never share on equal terms. Let them sustain our own Life Enterprise, and thus keep our money and the profits too at home.

Officers at Macon, Ga.: WM. B. JOHNSON, President. WM. H. HOLT, Vice-President. GEO. S. OBEAR, Secretary. JOHN W. BURKE, General Agent. C. F. McRAY, Actuary. W. J. MAGILL, Superintendent of Agencies. JAS. MCBRIDE, Medical Examiner.

The Cotton States Company is a Georgia and South Carolina enterprise, is a good Company, and is now fully identified with the interests of our people. This State is ably represented in the general management by South Carolina Directors.

LAVALL & ABNEY, General Agents for North and South Carolina.

Wm. J. Lavall, Esq., Office, Columbia, S. C. J. W. Abney, M. D., Edgefield, S. C.

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Truth Doth Never Die.

Though kingdoms, states and empires fall.

And dynasties crumble into dust,

And nations die away;

Though gorgeous towers and palaces

In heaps of ruins lie,

Which once were proudest of the proud,

The Truth doth never die!

We'll mourn not o'er the silent past,

Its glories are not dead;

Although its own high renown

Be numbered with the dead.

We'll grieve not o'er what earth has lost;

It cannot claim a sign—

For the wrong done hath perished,

And Truth doth never die!

All of the past are living still—

All that is good and true;

The rest hath perished; and it did

Deserve to perish, too.

The world rolls ever round and round,

And time rolls ever by;

And the wrong is ever rooked up,

But the Truth doth never die!

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Blood on the Ring.

An old man lay, moaning with

pain upon a bed in a large but

squalid chamber of an ancient and

disreputable house in the half-

ruined suburbs of a large city.

By the open window sat a young

man of perhaps five-and-twenty,

with a book in his hand, which, however,

he was gazing upon with a frowning

brow, but abstracted eye, that showed

its pages had no connection with his

thoughts.

A more than usually deep groan

caused him to turn his head towards

the occupant of the sick bed.

"Why does he not die?" he mut-

tered.

"John, give me a drink," said the

old man in a faint and broken voice.

"Come! you won't—ugh!—ugh!—

have to wait long, my son, for—ugh!

ugh!—your money!"

The young man rose, and taking a

cracked glass from a small table, held

it to his father's lips, saying, as he

did so, "Oh! you are worth a good

many dead men yet, father. I have

seen you as bad before now."

"No, no—not so bad!"—never so

bad as this," whispered the sufferer.

"But may I'll weather it. Yes, as

you say, I'm worth a good many

ugh!—ugh!—dead men yet, John.

And then you'll have to wait a little

longer, eh?—he! he!—ugh!—ugh!

ugh!—eh, John?"

"Hang it, father! don't aggravate

me—I mean don't exhaust yourself

by talking. There—go to sleep! I'll

be back in a minute, and go out for a

while. I'm choking for a breath of

air!" And he seized his hat and

hastily left the chamber.

In a few moments, the woman

called Bridget entered, and, approach-

ing the bed, asked the sufferer how

he did.

"Do! I'm done, Bridget—done to

death. John says I shall get over it,

but I know better. I am sinking

rapidly, and shall go down with the

sun. Has Lizzie been here to-day?"

"Indeed she has, and begged me

with tears in her eyes, to let her up

to you. But I says, says I, it's no

use, Miss Lizzie, he won't see you;

and if I let you up unbeknownst,

he'd drive me out o' the house that

minut, dear, so he would. And so

you have said you would—more

shame to you, Mr. Henshaw!"

"Hush, woman! I am a dying man.

I tell you, and I would see Lizzie

ever I go. They say it is never too

late to repent. Will you go, and

fetch my son's widow, Bridget?"

"That! Will you, sir, and

Oh! how happy the poor son will be

to think that you—"

"No words; there is no time to

waste! Go, quickly—quickly, I say—

ere John returns!"

The old woman was gone ere the

last sentence left her master's lips.

No sooner was the sick man alone

again, than he made a desperate ef-

fort to rise, and succeeded in sitting

up on his pallet. After pausing to

recover the breath this effort had

cost him, he reached his uncertain

and feeble hand over the head of his

bed, and he felt along the back of

the headboard as if for some object

concealed there. In another instant

he had found and withdrawn it.

It was a small, crumpled, wrought steel

ring, and he held it close to his eye,

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And dynasties crumble into dust,

And nations die away;

Though gorgeous towers and palaces

In heaps of ruins lie,

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